



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

Oliver Wendell Holmes.  
Haweis, H. R.



PRICE TWO CENTS.

THE  
ELZEVIR LIBRARY.

A Semi-Weekly Magazine.

VOL. I.  
No. 17.

FEBRUARY 27, 1883.

\$2.00  
A YEAR.

[Entered at the Post-Office, New York, as Second-Class Matter.]

AMERICAN HUMORISTS;  
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

By H. R. HAWEIS.

PROSPECTUS.

It is intended that each number of THE ELZEVIR LIBRARY shall contain a complete *literary gem*, a characteristic specimen of the best product of the brain of the author who is represented. The numbers taken together will form a unique cyclopedia of the world's choicest literature. Subscriptions received for any separate numbers. The 104 numbers of a year will contain not less than 2912 pages, and should that number be reached in less than a year, subscriptions at \$2 will be considered as terminated.

TO CLUBS.—An extra copy free for a club of five; three extra for a club of ten.

TO DEALERS.—Trade supplied direct, or by the news companies. Uncut copies returnable.

JOHN B. ALDEN, PUBLISHER,  
18 VESEY ST., NEW YORK.  
P. O. Box 1227.

# The Elzevir Libr:

166	Essays of Elia. Charles Lamb.....	1
166	Heroism. Ralph Waldo Emerson.....	1
166	Co-operation. Holyoake.....	1
162	Alden's Univ. Literature, Part III.....	1
161	Burke on the Sublime and Beautiful.....	1
160	Obiter Dicta. Augustine Birrell.....	1
159	Alden's Univ. Literature, Part II.....	1
157	On Leaves. Ills. Sir John Lubbock.....	1
156	Alden's Univ. Literature, Part I.....	1
155	Thomas Carlyle, from Obiter Dicta.....	1
148	Gems of Song and Story.....	1
147	Great Thoughts from Greek Authors. Euripides.....	1
146	The same: Demosthenes, Diogenes.....	1
145	The same: Aristotle, etc.....	1
144	The same: Aristophanes, etc.....	1
143	The same: Eschylus, Anacreon, etc.....	1
142	Emerson. Matthew Arnold.....	1
141	Physical Education. Spencer.....	1
140	Moral Education. Herbert Spencer.....	1
139	Intellectual Education. Spencer.....	1
138	What Knowledge is of Most Worth.....	1
137	Progress of the Working Classes. Robert Giffin, LL.D.....	1
136	The War for the Union. W. Phillips.....	1
135	Wendell Phillips. Geo. Wm. Curtis.....	1
134	Numbers. Matthew Arnold.....	1
133	The Coming Slavery. Spencer.....	1
132	On Liberty. John Stuart Mill.....	1
131	Rokeyby. Sir Walter Scott.....	1
130	Milton. T. Babington Macaulay.....	1
129	Erasmus and Henry VIII. D'Aubigne.....	1
128	Lady of the Lake. Scott.....	1
127	Marmion. Scott.....	1
126	Lay of the Last Minstrel. Scott.....	1
125	Confessions of an Opium-Eater.....	1
124	Legend of the Wandering Jew.....	1
123	Hermann and Dorothea. Goethe.....	1
122	Public Health. Edward Orton, LL.D.....	1
121	Some of My Pets. Grace Greenwood.....	1
120	The Raven, etc. Edgar A. Poe.....	1
119	Ethics of the Dust. John Ruskin.....	1
118	Crown of Wild Olive. John Ruskin.....	1
117	Sesame and Lilies. John Ruskin.....	1
116	Luther Anecdotes. Dr. Macaulay.....	1
115	Luther's Table Talk. Dr. Macaulay.....	1
114	Life of George Muller. Mrs. Muller.....	1
113	The Understanding. John Locke.....	1
112	The Battle of Waterloo. E. S. Creasy.....	1
111	The Battle of Saratoga. E. S. Creasy.....	1
110	Defeat of the Spanish Armada.....	1
109	Battle of Hastings. E. S. Creasy.....	1
108	Tints of the Times. O. C. Kerr.....	1
107	Battle of the Books. Dean Swift.....	1
106	The Heart of Bruce, etc. Aytoun.....	1
105	Virginia, The Armada. Macaulay.....	1
104	Count Rumford. John Tyndall.....	1
103	The Battle of Marathon. E. S. Creasy.....	1
102	The Ancient Mariner. Coleridge.....	1
101	Mazeppa. Lord Byron.....	1
100	James Ferguson, the Astronomer.....	1
99	The Four Chief Apostles. F. Godet.....	1
98	Gertrude of Wyoming. Campbell.....	1
97	Essays on Man. By Pope.....	1
96	Mior d'Alisa. By Lamartine.....	1
95	The Spectre Bridegroom. Irving.....	1

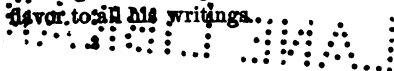
## OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

SOME acts are interesting because of the actors, and some actors are interesting because of their acts: An observation, as ARTEMUS WARD would say, requiring some thought, but one which will amply repay attention. As far as I can gather, the public exploits of Dr. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES do not call for special remark; they derive their interest almost entirely from the man.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES was born at Massachusetts in 1809; he is therefore seventy-three years old (1882). He graduated at Harvard in 1829. He tried the law, like WASHINGTON IRVING, but soon exchanged the uncongenial pursuit of briefs for the more delightful occupation of writing prescriptions; and after studying medicine in Paris (1833), returned to Boston (1836), and became Professor of Anatomy at Dartmouth, United States of America, in 1838 and at Harvard in 1847. After a medical practice of little more than fifteen years, he retired in 1849; and in the most insensible and spontaneous manner, by scattered writings, witty and wise speeches, and pleasant, often funny, poems and epigrams, has won for himself a foremost place in that very small band of American *littérateurs* by whom the nineteenth century will be remembered. In every page of his writings I trace the influence of his medical and scientific training. Yet there is nothing of the narrow specialist about him. He is

an almost passionate physiologist, but no materialist. He bows reverently to the inexorable logic of cause and effect, yet acknowledges depths of Being dreamed of in medical philosophy. He loves fire, yet often salutes with awe the superior angel of imagination. Nor does he forget, amidst the tyrannies of experimental philosophy and the tremendous Empire of the Senses, the insoluble mystery and immense Supremacy of the Soul.

In winter Dr. HOLMES lives at Boston, the Brattle Street of the United States. In summer at a private estate of his own, beautifully situated on the Housatonic River, Pittsfield, Massachusetts. In America it seems to be the custom, at anniversaries and "inaugurations," to get eminent literary persons write and recite poems. Such a thing is almost unknown in this country. Fancy Mr. TENNYSON reciting a poem on the opening of the Channel Tunnel or the International Exhibition. On such occasions, we invite Mr. GLADSTONE or Mr. BRIGHT to make a speech, and our *vers d'occasion* are relegated to small literary societies—the Sheldonia Theatre or the Cambridge Senate House on degree days. But metrical essays are, or were, all the rage across the water. BRYANT, EMERSON, LONGFELLOW, HOLMES, and LOWELL have in turns distinguished themselves in this way. The *North American Review* and later the *Atlantic Monthly*, sparkled with many poems and essays from Dr. HOLMES' pen. He wrote also prize essays on fever, homœopathy, and such like cheerful topics, ever scintillating with that shrewd prying, sympathetic curiosity and suggestiveness which gives such a personal, almost conversational flavor to all his writings.



How shall I finish this meagre biographical paragraph? I had better say that there is little more to be said, until we are favored with an autobiography by Dr. HOLMES himself. I will add that, meanwhile, Allibone's Dictionary of Biography contains two columns of praise, in which OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES is compared to SPENCER, POPE, DRYDEN, HOOD, DICKENS, and almost every one else whom it is in the least worth while being compared to—a biographical method which, if a little uncritical and "mixed" in tone, is a very good way of saying that Dr. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, whatever Posterity (for whose opinion he would probably care very little) might think, was in the estimation of his contemporaries clearly A 1 as a man and a writer.

I shall never be able to regard HOLMES as, first and foremost, a Poet, although a vein of poetry and admirable sentiment runs through all his prose. I shall say he is first Essayist, and Poet afterwards; and this because he is never "rapt," never quite caught up into Heavens inaccessible to ordinary fancy and baffling to common intelligence. He is, indeed, full of intuition, but far too reflective ever to be quite inspired. The "Metrical Essay" and "Astræa" resound with high strains, and his longer poems contain bright bursts of patriotism and noble religious utterances, as well as those sudden transitions to satire and almost low comedy, which remind one of poor ROBSON's fitful moods. I would that he had written more lyrics. I believe that such exquisite verses as the "Violet" and the "Water-lily" the world will not willingly let die.

He is so far a didactic and lyric poet. In Amer-



ica HOLMES has acquired a great reputation as a writer of *vers de société*. His longer efforts in this direction remind me of a class of lampoons and satires more fashionable in the days of BYRON and TOM MOORE than in ours; and it is curious to note that, whilst America may be considered generally a good fifty years ahead of Europe in many of her social and commercial phases, in her literature she still relishes, both for prose and poetry, the essay style of WASHINGTON IRVING, and the epigrammatic satire of POPE, which received its last English rehabilitation at the hands of HAZLITT. This description of two persons meeting in the street is altogether in POPE's manner—

"Each looks quite radiant, seems extremely struck,  
Their meeting so was such a piece of luck!  
So then they talk, in dust or mud or snow,  
Both bored to death, and both afraid to go."

Or this timely slap in the face for America—

"Thou, O my country, hast thy foolish ways!  
Too apt to purr at every stranger's praise;  
But if the stranger touch thy modes or laws,  
Off goes the velvet, and out come the claws."

These are from his longer satires. They are a little read in England, where so many of the allusions can hardly be relished or even understood. The popularity in America of his comic sketches must also be largely due to local and personal causes. They belong to a class of which we have had more than enough. We always like a good fellow to get up at a supper-party or a dull wedding-breakfast and make a clever speech, and perhaps even recite a facetious poem. We can sometimes, in intimate circles of men, especially when the edge of taste is not very sharp, tolerate a song; but few of such conditions of the hour are worth transplanting, and

**MEDICAL**

**HISTORICAL  
AND NA**

many, like Mr. SPURGEON's jokes, lose their point when repeated outside. In this *genre* HOLMES seems to me below HOOD in fertility, whilst the "Spectre Pig" and the "Ballad of the Oysterman" are hardly equal to many of BON GAULTIER's Ballads or HORACE SMITH's "Rejected Addresses," although I admit that the "Organ Grinder"—whilst inferior to CALVERLEY's inimitable poem—is nevertheless very excellent fooling.

But Dr. HOLMES' great charm is, after all, his own personality. He really "sees himself in all he sees," and he makes us feel that we cannot see too much of him. He has selected his literary vehicle with the surest tact. His favorite method is *unique* in its handling and application. It is announced in one phrase. "THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE."

The American boarding-house is in many respects different from anything that we have in this country, chiefly on account of the very varied classes who are willing to meet and associate for a time on equal terms, and the very superior people who occasionally find a *modus vivendi* there congenial to themselves.

The "Professor," the "Autocrat," and the "Poet at the Breakfast Table" are summed up in three volumes, now universally popular. Of these the "Autocrat" is the first and most widely read; the "Professor" is, to our mind, the best; and the "Poet" is the mere after-glow of a method which the writer himself seems to feel is at last played out. He has, in fact, by the time he figures as the "Poet," said very nearly all he has to say. The "Autocrat" is his own Boswell. He talks and

**MEDICAL**

**HISTO  
AND NA**

talks, and the rest chime in occasionally. As the breakfasts succeed each other, the doings of the subordinate characters develop into something like a plot, which culminates sadly in the "Professor" with the death of the real hero, and gladly in the "Autocrat" with the marriage of that oracular but genial person himself.

The characters, though slight—mere pegs for wit and wisdom, as some might say—are all put in with such vivid touches, that they get quite alive after the first two or three mornings. We have the vulgar gentleman with the dressy—too dressy—waistcoat, blue-black moustache, showy cravat, and large diamond pin. He is called appropriately the Koh-i-noor. There is the anxious landlady, nervous about the dishes when they show a tendency to give out before completing the round. There is the pale and interesting young schoolmistress, whose cheeks are nevertheless capable of coloring up under appropriate circumstances, such as I may have to allude to presently. There is a strange little deformed gentleman, full of oddity and intellect, whose talk is always incisive, trenchant, caustic, and interesting—full of keen sensibility, and with a certain covered vein of tenderness which relieves the enduring bitterness and sense of general failure and disappointment riveted upon him by his unhappy personal deformity. And then, in the "Professor at the Breakfast Table," we have that most charming of all Dr. HOLMES' creations, the lovely Iris—a bright sunny blonde, with shining hair and a radiant joyousness—most winning in her moods of touching and spontaneous sensibility; a pure, deep,

passionate soul, with great width and tenderness, and a certain divine simplicity which makes her the innocent bright angel of the book. I know nothing in CHARLOTTE BRONTË finer than the delicate *rapprochement* which takes place between the lovely Iris and the little-deformed gentleman; and the whole account of his rapid decline and death is equal to any piece of romance writing—I had almost said biography—that I have ever read.

But although the episodes in the "Professor" are more highly wrought than in the "Autocrat" or the "Poet" the charm of all three books is the same. All are so many masks—living masks, but under the writer's perfect control; not like THACKERAY's characters, often rebellious, saying and doing all kinds of things which surprise the author, and compel him to follow instead of to lead. These masks are pushed aside at any moment, thrown down and taken up, interrupted, silenced or encouraged, as occasion or the humor of the moment may demand. But even when the mask is on, the kind face of OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES is wont to peep through—sad sometimes with pathos and pity, as when the great procession of unloved women, the lonely, the forsaken, the forlorn, the suffering passes before him; filled sometimes with large and wise toleration for the erring and sinful ones; bowing reverently before the painful iddle of this earth, yet sensitive to every vibration of the human heart; keenly open to life at all points, "with its great, glad aboriginal instincts," its bursts of passion, its healthy joyousness, its sad, despairing undertones, its noble sacrifice; and, lastly, I notice throughout the most shrewd and delicate insight into character,

born of wide sympathies and unrivaled powers of observation.

I shall now put together what I may call a short mind biography of OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. I always like to realize the kind of man I have to deal with. It helps me to read his books and to read them aright. I like to feel the teacher at my elbow, especially this teacher; to look round and find him near, with his grave, kind face, his beautiful smile—his eye flashing indignation at wrong, brightening at generosity or heroism, and not incapable of shedding a manly tear over human folly, weakness or misfortune.

If you want to take the general bearings of a man's soul, you have only got to ask and answer, if you can, a few leading questions, such as: First, what are his Ideals; what does he admire or detest most—love most to be or to do? Second, what kind of Religion has he got? Third, what views does he take of his own profession and its general Aims? Fourth, how does he think and speak about Women?

First, Ideals.

"A man's opinions, look you," says Holmes, "are generally of much more value than his arguments."

Which reminds me of a letter I once received from a clever editor, along with a manuscript "returned with thanks," as follows:

"DEAR SIR,

"I offer you no apology or explanation in returning your manuscript, for my experience has taught me that, whereas an editor is usually right in his decision, he is invariably wrong when he attempts to give his reasons.

"Yours, etc."

A man's opinions are wont to form his Ideal. His reasons for his opinions are often made up later, and they may be good, bad, or indifferent.

"Once fix a man's ideals, and for the most part the rest is easy. A wants to die worth half a million. Good! B, female, wants to catch him and outlive him. All right! Minor details at our leisure."

No number of high-flown considerations will mend that situation or save that character.

HOLMES is generous in his estimates, but generosity does not exclude severity. The loving heart can pour forth its scorn upon meanness, and he who well knows how to pardon Frailty can stamp with a pitiless heel upon Dishonor. There are some actions which mar and stain a man to the core; there are some sins which have no forgiveness, neither in this world nor in the world to come. Let a man once deliberately commit himself to such and such a meanness, as we sometimes see done under the sun; let him barter honor, purity, the happiness of others—not for passion, not in weakness, not even for ambition, that last infirmity of noble minds, but for *pelf*, for *filthy lucre*, for Iago's "get money in thy purse!"—and such a character goes down forever in the opinion of all good men. Others may flatter him, crowds may attend his receptions and eat his dinners, but there is one whose verdict is not to be bought. He stands apart, and we will stand with him, and hear the tale. What? eh? You say he married for money, and it was on such wise, thus: threw over a woman, gave up, sold, bribed, lied—nay, perjured himself—and *did it for money*? All right! keep your apologies, spare your "extenuating circumstances." "Minor details at our leisure."

Ah! let the cynic and mere selfish utilitarian say what he will, there is something in the passionate love of goodness that wins the ear of the ages and masters the heart of man from generation to gener

ation. It is the infallible test by which we involuntarily weigh the greatest spirits. MOSES, SOCRATES, PAUL, and above these the DIVINE MAN, are all safely enthroned; and on other pinnacles, which scarcely reach up to their pedestals, come, lower down, ALEXANDER, CÆSAR, NAPOLEON, HOMER, GOETHE, and even SHAKESPEARE.

No one is a more enthusiastic admirer of genius than OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES; but his ideal is moral, not intellectual, and he proclaims aloud, sometimes perhaps without being aware of it himself, the glories of a kingdom not of this world. Thus, after a glowing eulogy upon Genius, he exclaims, with the contagious fervor of irresistible conviction—

"And yet when a strong brain is weighed with a true heart, it seems to me like balancing a bubble against a wedge of pure gold."

Our Age is sometimes called Materialistic and Utilitarian—in the sensual and selfish senses of these words. But is it nothing to live at a Time when, in spite of all, the popular idols are still based upon the Supremacy of Moral Excellence? It is enough; it is everything. In this America is fortunate, distinguished, and incalculably influential.

Do not EMERSON, LONGFELLOW, HAWTHORN, LOWELL, and HOLMES all ring true to the Supremacy of the Moral and Spiritual Nature of man?

Watchwords often of mere narrowness—the very catpaws of Sectarian bigotry. Yet do I find nothing priggish, puritanical, or repellant in the writings of these typical Americans.

HOLMES is singularly companionable, and as the French say, *intime*. We feel that he is so delightful,

that we long to trust him, "all in all," and we may do so safely. There is nothing about him to be left out, hardly a word or an utterance that I desire to modify, nor a counsel I can afford to disregard. He is not like BYRON, who dazzles us, or SWIFT, who domineers over us, or STERNE, who trifles with us, nor is he a mere wag, like some of the later American humorists; but he is one to rest in, to travel with. We love to have him close to us—our welcome guide, philosopher, and friend.

Second, Religion. If any one asked Dr. HOLMES, as it is said a lady once asked Dr. JOHNSON, "Pray what is your religion?" he might possibly answer in the words of the English sage: "Madam, I am of the religion of all sensible men." "And pray what is that?" said the lady. "That, madam," he replied, "is a thing which all sensible men keep to themselves." And yet HOLMES is far from keeping it all to himself. It creeps out in little wise aphorisms, such as:

"Faith always implies the disbelief of a lesser fact in favor of a greater."

Sometimes it pierces through the thin veil of narrative, as when the divinity student approaches the sick-bed of the little deformed gentleman, and finds in him a master rather than a disciple.

"Shall I pray *with* you?" he said, after a pause. A little before, he would have said, 'Shall I pray *for* you?' The Christian religion, as taught by its Founder, is full of sentiment; so we must not blame the divinity student if he was overcome by those yearnings of human sympathy, which predominate so much more in the sermons of the Master than in the writings of his successors—which have made the parable of the prodigal son the consolation of mankind, as it has been the stumbling block of all exclusive doctrines. 'Pray,' said the little gentleman."

And the prayer that follows is so sweet and



# The Elzevir Lib.

16 The History of the Christian Church	
17 The History of the Christian Church	
18 The History of the Christian Church	
19 The History of the Christian Church	
20 The History of the Christian Church	
21 The History of the Christian Church	
22 The History of the Christian Church	
23 The History of the Christian Church	
24 The History of the Christian Church	
25 The History of the Christian Church	
26 The History of the Christian Church	
27 The History of the Christian Church	
28 The History of the Christian Church	
29 The History of the Christian Church	
30 The History of the Christian Church	
31 The History of the Christian Church	
32 The History of the Christian Church	
33 The History of the Christian Church	
34 The History of the Christian Church	
35 The History of the Christian Church	
36 The History of the Christian Church	
37 The History of the Christian Church	
38 The History of the Christian Church	
39 The History of the Christian Church	
40 The History of the Christian Church	
41 The History of the Christian Church	
42 The History of the Christian Church	
43 The History of the Christian Church	
44 The History of the Christian Church	
45 The History of the Christian Church	
46 The History of the Christian Church	
47 The History of the Christian Church	
48 The History of the Christian Church	
49 The History of the Christian Church	
50 The History of the Christian Church	
51 The History of the Christian Church	
52 The History of the Christian Church	
53 The History of the Christian Church	
54 The History of the Christian Church	
55 The History of the Christian Church	
56 The History of the Christian Church	
57 The History of the Christian Church	
58 The History of the Christian Church	
59 The History of the Christian Church	
60 The History of the Christian Church	
61 The History of the Christian Church	
62 The History of the Christian Church	
63 The History of the Christian Church	
64 The History of the Christian Church	
65 The History of the Christian Church	
66 The History of the Christian Church	
67 The History of the Christian Church	
68 The History of the Christian Church	
69 The History of the Christian Church	
70 The History of the Christian Church	

ever struggling up  
Hence the  
and preachers. Does  
this very well thus?—  
not darkly join,  
the frame,  
the frame  
current point."

I like to know how a  
condition. Whether he  
ugh it, uses it mechan-  
and learns by it, and  
almost every page of  
the Doctor's pro-  
man nature, and this  
fold byeways, to ex-  
his heights and depths,  
angel to its weakness,

that the art of healing  
indifferent to human  
that there is often a pro-  
in these fast. A delicate  
to a pursuit which implies  
suddenly as some gentler  
that some men, even  
the task of pruning their fel-  
more thoughtful and truly  
their cruel experience. They  
sympathetic; they have a  
more they study pain  
I have said this without  
for myself, though  
as I grow older."

Tell that I should like to  
HOLMES to attend me.  
a little poorly.

HARTSON, of Brighton, say-  
were two rocks upon which

solemn, so deep and tender, and so purely religious, that it may hardly find a place in a lecture on an American humorist.

But HOLMES is a man who needs, above all, to be looked at all round. His very humor is deeply interwoven with serious elements, and this last interview of the divinity student with the little gentlemen, in which the tables are so suddenly turned, and theology stands abashed before the religion of the heart, is in itself one of the deepest strokes of pathetic humor. After this, we need not be surprised to find that, whilst ignoring the various theological *isms*, which do so much more to divide than to unite the hearts of the faithful, HOLMES has the liveliest sympathy with all earnest worshippers, and quite a love for religious assemblies in general.

"'I am,' says the Professor—and we can scarcely mistake the voice that speaks—'a regular churchgoer. I should go, for various reasons, if I did not love it; but I am happy enough to find great pleasure in the midst of devout multitudes, whether I can accept all their creeds or not.'"

I suppose, if we must label our subject, he must be labeled "Broad Church," although I should be disposed to claim something a great deal more significant, definite—dogmatic, if you will—under that name than he would probably agree to.

"The Broad Church, I think, will never be based upon anything that requires the use of language. Freemasonry gives the idea of such a Church. The cup of cold water does not require to be translated for a foreigner to understand it. The only Broad Church possible is that which has its creed in the heart, and not in the head."

I should be tempted to add to without impairing this definition, by saying, "Ay, but in the head too, and on such and such wise, for of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh, and the head will ever insist upon formulating and reformulating the

thoughts and feelings that are ever struggling up into spoken and written language." Hence the glory of poets, philosophers, and preachers. Does not some one nearer home teach us very well thus?—

"Though truths in manhood darkly join,  
Deep-seated in our mystic frame,  
We yield all honor to the Name  
Of Him that made them current coin."

Third, his Profession. I like to know how a man views his daily occupation. Whether he grumbles at it, lounges through it, uses it mechanically to live by, or lives in it, and learns by it, and loves it. It is easy to see in almost every page of HOLMES' writing, that he loves the Doctor's profession because he loves human nature, and this helps him to study it in manifold byeways, to explore its secrets, to sound its heights and depths, and to minister like a kind angel to its weakness, pain, and sorrow.

"I have heard it said," he writes, "that the art of healing makes men hard-hearted, and indifferent to human suffering. I am willing to own that there is often a professional hardness in surgeons, just as there is in theologians, only much less in degree than in these last. A delicate nature will not commonly choose a pursuit which implies the habitual infliction of suffering, so readily as some gentler office; . . . yet you may be sure that some men, even among those who have chosen the task of pruning their fellow creatures, grow more and more thoughtful and truly compassionate in the midst of their cruel experience. They become less nervous, but more sympathetic; they have a truer sensibility for other's pain, the more they study pain and disease in the light of science. I have said this without claiming any special growth in humanity for myself, though I do hope I grow tenderer in my feelings as I grow older."

When I read this, I felt that I should like to have Dr. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES to attend me. I think I should often feel a little poorly.

Fourth, Women.

I remember W. F. ROBERTSON, of Brighton, saying somewhere that there are two rocks upon which

a soul may be wrecked—God and the opposite sex. Indeed, as to the first, we can know little about a man until we know his general tone of thought about religion—as apart from the state of theological opinion at home or abroad; nor can we know a man at all well until we can give some account of his general tone of feeling about women—quite apart from the marriage laws or social conventions at home or abroad. I will at once put aside the male icicle, the man who is comparatively insensible to female attractions. In either sex you will find individuals of every degree of sensibility, and you will as often find the female icicle given up to proud, perhaps useful, spinsterhood or wretched matrimony, as you will find the born bachelor, to whom female society in any form appears to be either an accident or an aimless superfluity. But there are men with such a quick vein of sensibility that in women's society they seem to be half women themselves, without, strange to say, losing one wit of manliness. This combination may be rare, but it is by no means *unique*. In an unapproachable degree it existed in the Blessed Author of the Christian religion. This type, often quite as fascinating to men as to women is as far as the poles removed from maudling sentimentalism. It invariably means such an intense and immediate recognition of the essential psychology of men and women, such an intuitive knowledge, admiration, and love for the noblest, and such a tender pity for the weak and erring, that for the time the human heart is like a mirror, and sees reflected within itself the image that confronts, absorbs, and is absorbed by it.

The secret of DE BALZAC's enormous popularity was simply this, the whole womanhood of France—not a very pure, but a very passionate, vigorous, and, to a great extent, a suffering and oppressed race of women—felt that at last they were described by a man who understood them, and who estimated them not above, but certainly not below, their real worth. DE BALZAC did this by a prodigious feat of sympathetic imagination. He had never lived through what he described any more than MASSILLON or LACORDAINE had lived through the sins they so eloquently analyzed and denounced. DE BALZAC saw bits of womanhood alive, and was well acquainted with the morbid anatomy of dead love. His genius enabled him to live in an ideal world—a world that became so real to him that he demanded no other. Into this world he summoned the living, breathing types of women who lived and moved and had their being in that real world, with which he had so little to do. You may say he lived with the shadows of women, not with women. Be it so; he nevertheless became their confessor, their consoler, and their immortal portrait painter. The sympathy which in DE BALZAC was ideal, is most simple, earnest, and real in OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, and his taste is far purer.

His belief in women is boundless; his love is wise; his admiration sincere, innocent, open. He often sketches them at full length, and still more often seizes a half length, three-quarters, or profile. He surprises them in tears; and grows light at heart and jubilant when he sees their fresh girl-faces wreathed in smiles. He is always respectful, always generous,

sometimes a little sly, but never undignified. The Professor is asked:

"Did I believe in love at first sight? 'Sir,' he exclaims, and there is an almost Johnsonian ring about the gravely frivolous reply, 'all men love all women—that is the *prima facie* aspect of the matter. They are so bound in duty and inclined by nature.' Then in a vein of sustained humor, he goes on to say that if there are any lawful exceptions to the above rule, the man is bound to stand forth at the bar of our common humanity, and show cause why he does not love any given woman. He may plead that he has not seen her; that she is a blackamoor, or ill-favored, or of tender age; or, lastly, that he is in love already, and then he will stand excused."

But he does not always jest on the subject, and his deep reverence for women is constantly allowing itself to be divined.

"There are at least three saints among the women to one among the men."

And his very reverence begets in him an extreme and more than oriental jealousy, but it is a jealousy of their souls, more than of their bodies. He is never so near being hard and exacting as when demanding the highest of a creature, so compounded of snow and flame that she seems at any moment ready to rise to the loftiest peaks or plunge into their corresponding abysses. Often, beneath a vein of tender exaggeration, we feel something of the Othello grip of a man fiercely in earnest with a being whom he feels to be at once sublime and frail.

"I would have a woman as true as death. At the first real lie, which works from the heart outward, she should be tenderly chloroformed into a better world, where she can have an angel for a governess, and feed on strange fruits, which shall make her all over again, even to her bones and marrow."

Like WASHINGTON IRVING, THACKERAY, and all people who connected women's rights with the bloomer costume, a glass of water, and a green cotton umbrella, OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES is a little hard on strong-minded ladies and over education.

He has a very keen feeling of the atmosphere, the mind tendency, and the sort of activities most appropriate for women. No doubt, we have lived to see much of the early exaggeration of the woman's rights movement drop away, and we claim to have retained its solid benefits in the shape of improved legislation and a healthier view of what is due to women as members of the body politic. In fact, we are just now (1882) in the midst of that new phase in the woman's rights movement, which turns on the higher education of women—and I fear this, too, is in danger of going a little wild. I do not care, any more than does HOLMES, for the preponderance of the head over the heart in women. The type of school-girl-boy, with its long stride, its bag, and its books in a strap, indifferent to female grace and haughty about marriage—though, it may be, not quite recalcitrant—does not, as the French say, “smile to me.”

I should be thrifty of sarcasm at any movement which women thought likely to improve their social or political condition. I should certainly encourage girls to read and take an interest in general literature or science; but, as far as I see, OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES is substantially sound on the great woman's question, right and left, and in his own charming and tender way he utters the words of soberness and truth when he says:

“The brain women never interests us like the heart women: white roses please less than red.”

Yet are HOLMES' women no fools, like THACKERAY'S. His charming Iris is full of imagination and intelligence, and his schoolmistress is above the average in mind as well as in sensibility and personal grace. But whilst idolizing, as he evidently does,



what GOETHE called the "evig weibliche"—"the eternal feminine"—he knows how to be fair and generous to the exceptional women with masculine, or at least supra-feminine minds.

"We owe a genuine tribute of respect to those filtered intellects, who have left their womanhood on the strainer. They are so clear that it is a pleasure at times to look at the world of thought through them; *but the rose and purple tints of richer natures they cannot give us.*"

If he has ever jested or spoken unadvisedly with his lips about any of them, if he has been a little arbitrary or exacting, if he has insisted upon seeking the excellences of all women in every woman, and turned away disappointed to find that each woman lacked something, he stands forgiven; he makes his peace with the whole sex at the close of that pathetic passage in which the dear ministering angel of suffering humanity is painted, spending herself very willingly, and being spent, in those gentle charities which solace so many pains, and rob even death of some of his terrors—

"God bless all good women! To their soft hands and pitying hearts we must all come at last!"

As I look back upon this rapid mind-sketch of OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, the nature of his ideals, the practical character of his religion, his large-hearted sympathy with men, women, and children, I can only say, "Heaven send us on this side of the Atlantic a teacher so wise and generous, so witty, so tender, and so true!"

You may open any of the three volumes upon which HOLMES' fame really rests, the "Autocrat," the "Professor," or the "Poet," and find on every page aphorisms and epigrams which deserve to be framed, put down in your private note-book, or car-

ried in your heart. I will transcribe a few specimens before proceeding, in a more systematic way, to note some flashes of his wit, atmospheres of his humor, and a fugitive, very fugitive glimpse of his novel-writings.

**MEMORY.**—"Memory is a net. One finds it full of fish when he takes it from the brook, but a dozen miles of water have run through it without sticking."

**CONTRIVERSY.**—"Controversy equalizes fools and wise men in the same way—and the fools know it."

**UNPOPULAR OPINION.**—"A man whose opinions are not attacked is beneath contempt;"

and

"Every real thought on every real subject knocks the wind out of somebody or other."

**TENDENCY.**—"I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving."

**SECRETS.**—"We never tell our secrets to people who jump for them."

**FAME.**—"Fame usually comes to those who are thinking about something else; rarely to those who say to themselves, 'Go to, now! let us be a celebrated individual!'"

**PRaise.**—"You may set it down as a truth which admits of few exceptions, that those who ask your opinion really want your praise."

**SINCERITY.**—"Why can't somebody give us a list of things which everybody thinks and nobody says, and another list of things that everybody says and nobody thinks?"

**THE RED INDIAN.**—"A few instincts on legs, flourishing a tomahawk."

His keen insight flashes out in many bright, brief, and admirably smart reflections; things we have often thought, never said. Hear him on comedy and tragedy:

"Wonder why authors and actors are ashamed of being funny? Why there are obvious reasons, and deep philosophical ones too. The clown knows very well that the women are not in love with him, but with Hamlet—the fellow yonder in the black coat and the plumed hat. Passion never laughs! The wit knows that his place is at the tail of the procession."

And here the balance of the situation is wisely kept, the true relation of comedy to life defined, with a practical tact which the comic man would at all times do well to ponder.

"If the sense of the ridiculous is one side of an impressible nature, it is very well; but if that is all there is in a man, he had better have been an ape, and stood at the head of his profession at once."

On one occasion, it is said, Mr. SPURGEON, being accused of a certain levity in the pulpit, was not eager to deny the soft impeachment, whereupon his censor, waxing indignant, exclaimed: "I wonder, sir, how you, a minister of the gospel, can venture to utter so many witticisms in the house of God." "Ah!" said the great preacher, with a pathetic little sigh, "you wouldn't if you knew how many I keep to myself."

Still, there was some force in the objector. It is very difficult for a really funny man to get credit for being anything else. The risible faculties are easiest stirred; we are more prone to laugh than to cry, and more prone to do either than to think. A wit who means to be taken seriously must beware of being too witty too often or too soon.

"Keep your wit in the background" says HOLMES, "until you have made a reputation by your more solid qualities; you will do nothing great with Macbeth's dagger, if you first come on flourishing Paul Pry's umbrella."

I like to repeat PORSON's definition of wit—"the best sense in the world." How much wisdom lies in a witty proverb, how much condensed meaning in a terse epigram! HOLMES is never happier than when wrapping up his dose of thought in such an elegant gilt bolus as this:

MONEY.—"Put not your trust in money, but put your money in trust."

There is a whole sermon in the first clause, "Put not your trust in money," and it may be preached on the text "the love of money is the root of all evil;" and the whole philosophy of

thrift is in the last, "put your money in trust." The secret of a sound investment is not the least important lesson to teach an age gone mad with "Rings" and suffering from bubble companies on the brain.

People travel a good deal now—Americans for cheapness, Germans for instruction, French for pleasure, and English it is impossible to say for what! But one experience is common to them all; it is this:

"Travelers change their guineas not their characters."

Travel shows people to themselves and to each other. Their character may not change, but "going about" often brings out their latent peculiarities. Once across the Channel, perhaps even before we get as far, we try conclusions and draw distinctions with our friend, not always without a difference. We knew he was lazy before, but we had no notion that he would not get up to see a sunrise or to catch the train. We knew he liked his dinner, but for the Alhambra or the Pyramids we thought dinner might wait. Well, at the end of the first week, he denounces you as radically unsound on the commissariat question, and in a fortnight he takes to his bed and will do nothing but smoke. "Men change their guineas, not their characters!"

Alas! the application can be made still more personal. How many of us rush abroad to drown anxiety or sorrow, to get rid of ourselves, we require only "change of air!" Miserable cheat! a mere, shallow cry got up like the Rhine castles and the live chamois goats, for the Cooke tourists. You change your guineas sure enough and take

your ticket; you are well over the water, you will enjoy the change. Ha! who is that on the pier who comes to meet you as you land? Why, it is the same dismal, woe-begone figure that you left a hundred miles behind you.

"What!" cries Emerson, "travellest thou so fast in the earth, old mole?" Even so! *You* are the old mole, none other; or, as ALFRED DE MUSSET poetically says:

"Partout où j'ai touché la terre,  
Sur ma route est venu, s'asseoir  
Un malheureux vêtu de noir,  
Qui me ressemblait comme un frère."

In the more prosaic words of OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES: "Men change their guineas, not their characters."

A horsey country like ours will appreciate the following uncompromising, or perhaps rather compromising statement:

HORSES.—"He who is carried by horses must deal with rogues."

My own experience is that there are three things about which even good men have no conscience at all. The first is horses. The second is violins. The third is umbrellas. But, as I am in this cynical mood, let me finish and have done, for it is not a vein congenial to the spirit of our Autocrat, or to the warm summer life and the genial humanity which habitually suffuses his soul.

I will, therefore, allow him to utter but one last cynicism, at once mercenary and sentimental, on MATRIMONY:

"Quoth Tom, 'Though fair her features be,  
It is her figure pleases me.'  
'What may her figure be?' I cried.  
'One hundred thousand,' he replied."

No one understands atmospheres better than HOLMES. He will plant his seed in a certain soil, and it will develop after its kind. Do what you will, you can only see with his eyes for the time. You go round and round his plant—it develops and enlarges, but, like the flower out of a soil which has been tampered with chemically, it comes up all mauve or magenta, instead of white or red.

#### THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE HAT.

Certain objects act upon HOLMES like the red flag on a bull. Amongst these is the "HAT." It always excites him. I should like to know what kind of hat OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES is in the habit of wearing. Who is his hatter? I would venture to say he inclines more to the straw and wideawake than to the chimney-pot. It is nevertheless the chimney-pot hat which he contemplates with an almost vicious complacency of satire.

It evidently possesses for him a certain dangerous fascination; he cannot let it alone. A new hat, a shabby hat, a squashed hat, an old hat, each in turn attracts him, as the feather in the ladies' turban used to attract poor SOUTHERN when he came in as Garrick feigning drunkenness. Now he is in mock heroics—

"Have a good hat. The secret of your looks  
Lives with the beaver in Canadian brooks.  
Virtue may flourish in an old cravat,  
But man and nature scorn the shocking hat!"

Or it is the damaged hat that is developed in three sententious propositions thus:

First, "A hat which had been popped by being sat down upon is never itself again afterwards."  
Second, "It is a favorite illusion of sanguine natures to believe the contrary."

Third, "Shabby gentility has nothing so characteristic of its hat." There is always an unnatural calmness about a nap, and an unwholesome gloss suggestive of a wet brush."

He is equally happy on

#### THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE BUN.

"In order to know whether a human being is young or old, offer it food of different kinds at short intervals."

The crucial experiment is this—

"Offer a bulky and boggy bun to the suspected individual just ten minutes before dinner. If this is eagerly accepted and devoured, the fact of youth is established; if the subject of the question starts back and expresses surprise and incredulity, as if you could not possibly be in earnest, the fact of maturity is no less clear."

I will give but one more example of a perfectly whimsical atmosphere, in which HOLMES has had the wit to place another common human thing—a thing as common and human and familiar to us all as the hat or the bun.

It is the COUGH.

"Coughs are ungrateful things. You find one out in the cold; you take it up, nurse it, make everything of it, dress it up warm, give it all sorts of balsams, and other food it likes, and carry it around in your bosom as if it were a miniature lap-dog. And by-and-by, its little bark grows sharp and savage, and—confound the thing!—you find it is a wolf's whelp that you have got there, and he is gnawing in the breast where he has been nestling so long."

I can merely glance at HOLMES as a novelist. If I do not select or comment "The Guardian Angel" or "Elsie Venner," it is not because I do not recognize their merits. As novels they are not strong, but they are full of fragmentary studies of character and situations of genial and sometimes of weird fancy. If not unique, they are in many ways remarkable. The conception of "Elsie Venner" belongs almost entirely to the sphere of medical psychology. Strange animal tendencies are the commonplaces of insanity, and we may have

noticed in human beings odd facial likenesses to animals which have gone more than skin-deep. This borderland of mystery is just the one in which HOLMES' genius would be likely to revel, and a girl with the tendencies of a snake is quite the sort of person our philosopher would wish to describe and analyze. And he has done it. Still the genius of HOLMES will remain to the end desultory, fragmentary, capricious, and incapable of any sustained effort which would prevent him from flying off at some opportune tangent. From which it results that his desultory books are full of sustained interest, whilst his novels are, in spite of their power and originality, dull. That is why I take my specimens of his novel-writing from two books which are not novels. The sketch of Iris from the "Professor," and the sketch of the Schoolmistress from the "Autocrat."

A writer who wants to describe a woman, and who understands his business, does not go through the catalogue of her charms. He knows better. He means *you* to do that for him, and to do it better than he could. He draws for each character upon the whole of your past experience; he puts in a touch here and a touch there, which suggests to you a vast deal more than even he dreams of. He tells you, for instance, of a blonde—a particular kind of blonde, not a cold blonde, with hair like tow, but a blonde with the summer through her blood, and the warm—not the cold—white complexion, and the shining hair with that gloss as of yellow floss silk that holds the light. You know exactly the sort of girl. All the beautiful blondes you have ever seen rise in your mind as you read, or rather a mental combina-



tion of them begins to glow and radiate out upon you from the cunning novelist's pages, and the thing is done. And so, too, he will treat you with a brunette, and all the beautiful brunettes you have ever seen will give her their charms. Or he will paint you the gown fitting close about the white throat of one of those delicate, pale but not sickly creatures—too sedentary, too thoughtful, scarcely alive to their own depths; unawakened, but quite ready to be awakened; sensible, quiet, and sensitive, and a little too slight, and there you have the young governess in the "Autocrat."

But first let us have Iris. Nothing can be more subtle than the way in which she is indirectly sketched, from her cradle to the fulness of her glowing and sunny-hearted girlhood. Can anything exceed the fineness of touch, which in a few lines, describes her poor mother's death and her own birth?

"The poor lady (thy mother), seated with her companion at the chess-board of matrimony, had just pushed forward her one little white pawn (Iris) upon an empty square, when the black knight that cares nothing for castles or kings or queens, swooped down upon her and swept her from the larger board of life."

Iris appears about seventeen or eighteen at the boarding-house, and almost insensibly gravitates to the one inmate most remotely opposite to herself. She takes her seat at breakfast always by the side of the little deformed gentleman, whose brilliant conversation she loves to hear, and who grows more brilliant and original as she listens sympathetically. Iris read and thought too. She was an artist. She had a precious diary and a still more precious sketch-book. She had her secret thoughts, and yearnings, and aspirations, and ideals, and sadnesses, young as she was.

"A child? yes, if you choose to call her so—but such a child! Do you know how art brings all ages together? 'And: e

is no age to the angels and ideal human forms among which the artist lives, and he shares their youth until his hand trembles and his eye grows dim. But why this lover of the beautiful should be so drawn to one whom Nature has wronged so deeply seems hard to explain. Pity!—I suppose they say that leads to love."

Undoubtedly Iris was full of character. She was not a *negative*, but a *positive* blonde, with the golden tint running through her.

"Come, probably enough, from those deep-bosomed German women that Tacitus portrayed in such strong colors."

Though positive, she was intensely receptive. Something of the little deformed gentleman's own peculiar energy and mental vigor seemed at times to be reflected in her. She had an odd temperament too, was given to sleep-walking. One of her pretty trances is prettily told, and is a little weighted with an abnormal mesmeric suggestion. It was on this wise:

The little gentleman, it appears, was very strong in his shoulders and arms; his hand could hold you like a vice. The Professor meets Iris in her night-walking, asleep. Awaking from her trance, "she took my hand. 'I feel,' she said, 'as if all my strength were in this arm,'" She tightened her grasp in the Professor's hand.

"Good heavens! she will crack my bones! All the nervous power of her body must have flashed through those muscles! Iris turned pale and the tears came to her eyes. She saw she had given me pain. Then she trembled, and might have fallen but for me. The poor little soul had been in one of those trances which belong to the spiritual pathology of higher natures, mostly those of women."

The pathetic relation between the poor little, embittered, deformed gentleman and the lovely, Sympathetic Iris has now to be worked up. A few touches here and there suffice.

"One thing is sure—the interest she takes in her little neighbor is getting to be more engrossing than ever. Something is the matter with him, and she knows it, and, I think worries herself about it."

Soon after the professor writes:

"I must tell Iris that her poor friend is in a precarious

state. She seems nearer to him than anybody, I did tell her. Whatever emotion it produced, she kept a still face. . . . 'He shall have some of my life,' she said. A fancy, I suppose, of a kind of magnetic power she could give out. I cannot help thinking she wills her strength away from herself. I have sometimes thought he gained the force she lost—a whim very probably."

As the crisis approaches, we are, of course, put off in various ways, according to the Professor's peculiar and desultory method of treatment. The deepening of Iris' character by contact with suffering is emphasized by the introduction of one of HOLMES' most delicate lyrics, "Under the Violets," said to have been found in the young girl's album.

### UNDER THE VIOLETS.

"Her hands are cold, her face is white;  
No more her pulses come and go;  
Her eyes are shut from life and light.  
Fold the white vesture, snow on, snow,  
And lay her where the violets blow.

"But not beneath a graven stone,  
To plead for tears with alien eyes;  
A slender cross of wood alone  
Shall say that here a maiden lies  
In peace, beneath the peaceful skies.

"And gray old trees of hugest limb,  
Shall wheel their circling shadows round,  
To make the scorching sunlight dim,  
That drinks the greenness from the ground,  
And drop their dead leaves on her mound.

"When o'er their boughs the squirrels run,  
And thro' their leaves the robins call;  
And, ripening in the autumn sun,  
The acorns and the chestnuts fall,  
Doubt not that she will heed them all.

"For her the morning choir shall sing  
Its matins from the branches high:  
And every minstrel voice of spring  
That trills beneath the April sky,  
Shall greet her with its earliest cry.

"When, turning round their dial track,  
Eastward the lengthening shadows pass.  
Here little mourners, clad in black—  
The crickets, sliding thro' the grass,  
Shall pipe for her an evening mass.

"At last  
She  
And  
In  
So

"If an  
She  
Say  
Th  
Lie

We are  
reck room  
to board  
young gi  
One n  
be inval  
sick cha  
This scen  
masterpie  
ainly he  
cept, I  
sle gen  
m.

"I know  
ring to  
are for h

Soon  
gentlem  
an allu  
trade f  
pathos.

"I ha  
me, but  
greater  
evil-doin  
drew a b  
ment fo  
thoughts  
cage has  
looked  
busy an  
known  
mother  
pressed  
glitter  
but wi

"At last the rootlets of the trees  
Shall find the prison where she lies,  
And bear the buried dust they seize  
In leaves and blossoms to the skies,  
So may the soul that warmed it rise!

"If any born of kindlier blood  
Should ask: 'What maiden lies below?'  
Say only this: 'A tender bud,  
That tried to blossom in the snow,  
Lies withered where the violets blow.'"

We are soon ushered into the little gentleman's sick room—that strange, haunted apartment, which no boarder, except, perhaps—and only perhaps—the young girl, was ever allowed to enter.

One night the Professor, who had now become the invalid's medical man, on issuing forth from the sick chamber, meets Iris in one of her trances. This scene will bear no second description; it is a masterpiece of refinement, and the novelist is certainly here at his very best. He never does better, except, perhaps, in the pathetic last chapter of the little gentleman's life, to which I must now hasten on.

"'I know it all,' said Iris, his self-appointed nurse. 'He is going to die, and I must go and sit by him. Nobody will care for him as I shall, and I have nobody else to care for.'"

Soon after this the divinity student pays the little gentleman a well-intentioned and kindly visit; but an allusion to his sins calls forth a last brilliant tirade from the little man, full of eloquence and pathos.

"'I have learnt to accept meekly what has been allotted to me, but I cannot honestly say that I think my sin has been greater than my suffering. I bear the ignorance and the evil-doing of whole generations in my single person. I never drew a breath of air, nor took a step that was not a punishment for another's fault. I may have had many wrong thoughts, but I cannot have done many wrong deeds, for my cage has been a narrow one and I have paced it alone. I have looked through the bars and seen the great world of men busy and happy, but I had no part in their doings. I have known what it is to dream of great passions; but since my mother kissed me before she died, no woman's lips have pressed my cheek—nor ever will.' The young girl's eyes glitter with a sudden film, and almost without a thought, but with a warm human instinct that rushed up into her face



with her heart's blood, she bent over and kissed him. It was the sacrament that washed out long years of bitterness, and I should hold it an unworthy thought to defend her. The little gentleman repaid her with the only tear any of us ever saw him shed.

"The divinity student rose from his place, and, turning away from the sick man, walked to the other side of the room, where he bowed his head and was still. All the questions he had meant to ask had faded from his memory. The tests he had prepared by which to judge of his fellow creature's fitness for heaven seemed to have lost their virtue. He could trust the crippled child of sorrow to the Infinite Parent. The kiss of the fair-haired girl had been like a sign from heaven, that angels watched over him whom he was presuming but a moment before to summon before the tribunal of his private judgment."

I can afford to make the sketch of the schoolmistress much slighter. It will resolve itself into one or two sentimental touches and a love scene—always the crucial test of a writer of fiction, and one in which HOLMES will not be found wanting. The *dramatis personæ* are a gentleman of middle age—the Autocrat, in fact—with much of the vivacity of youth and more than the loquacity of age, which is a fair statement, as he talks almost uninterruptedly through two hundred pages of close print; and the schoolmistress, that same pale young person, with the tight neatly fitting dress close up to her neck, with a little bit of ribbon or flower to set off her delicate complexion,—not at all a sickly young woman, but perhaps suffering from a little over-attention to her class and suppression of young vigorous life, which sorely wanted a run in the fields or a ramble on the mountains—and—well, it must be admitted, a manly bosom for the wise and gentle head to rest upon. But HOLMES shall put her upon the canvas, with a few of his own effective strokes of the brush—

"The schoolmistress came down, with a rose in her hair, a fresh June rose. She had been walking early. She has brought back two others, one on each cheek."

The Autocrat—a decidedly staid, sober-minded, and philosophical gentleman—is much drawn to this young person. He talks rather better when she is listening, and often looks for her approval.

which he appears invariably to get. In the free and easy life of an American boarding-house, nothing could be more natural than an occasional walk before or between school hours, and an occasional walk she and the Autocrat had together.

"‘This is the shortest way,’ she said, as they came to the corner. ‘Then we won’t take it,’ said I.”

When they got home, he could not help noticing that her color was a little heightened. It certainly became her.

"‘I felt sure,’ he adds, ‘it would be useful to her to take a stroll like this every morning.’"

The intelligent reader, after this, begins to look for the inevitable result, and is much relieved to read, after one or two such strolls:

"‘I’m afraid I have been a fool, for I have told as much of myself to this young person as if she were of that ripe and discreet age which invites confidence and expansive utterance.’"

However he soon gets over this indiscretion, and decides that another morning walk would be good for him; and, besides, the schoolmistress will be glad of a little fresh air before school. He is, in fact, falling step by step an easy and willing victim, whilst most comically standing out for it that he never once made love to the young woman in any one of those walks. However, he is forced to admit that what he calls:

"‘The throbbing flushes of the poetical intermittent have been coming over me of late;’"

and the growing flame is fanned by the ingenuous ecstasy of the schoolmistress at his glowing descriptions of distant scenes, the glories of the Alps, and so forth.

"‘If I thought I should ever see the Alps,’ said she.

"‘Perhaps you will some time or other.’"

"*Mental tableau.*

"[Chamouni!—Mont Blanc in full view; figures in the foreground; two of them standing apart, one of them a gentleman of—oh!—ah!—yes!—the other a lady in a white cashmere shawl, leaning on his shoulder, etc.]."



of Sam Houston.....	20c
of the People's Life of Washington.....	20c
2, 43, 66, 67, 68, combined.....	12c
Half Hour with St. Paul.....	8c
Princeton, Cunningham Geikie.....	2c
ca and St. Paul. Canon Farrar.....	2c
Celtic Hermita, Chas. Kingsley.....	2c
er's History Thirty Years' War.....	20c
essays of Lord Bacon.....	15c
King's Daughter. Anderson.....	10c
gely Duck, and other Stories.....	10c
Picture Book without Pictures.....	10c
oea Malden, and other Stories.....	10c
Christmas Greeting.....	10c
s of Fortune and other Stories.....	10c
y Tales. Hans Andersen. Illus.....	10c
Story-Teller, and other Tales.....	10c
10, 13, 40, 51, 52, 53, combined.....	12c
entures of Baron Munchausen.....	2c
bad the Sailor.....	2c
ea from Esop. Illustrated.....	3c
1, 14, 38, and Life of Irving. R. H. Stoddard.....	10c
omph of Style. Spencer.....	4c
ences of Evolution. Huxley.....	2c
ithlam. By John Caird.....	2c
itizations of Asia. Rawlinson.....	2c
of Peter Cooper. C. E. Lester.....	10c
chine and other Stories. Alden.....	3c
of Richard Wagner. Portrait.....	3c
is of the Faith. Edwin Arnold.....	15c
ller's Song of the Bell, etc.....	2c
of Alex. H. Stephens. Illus.....	10c
an Song of Songs. Arnold.....	6c
ways of Literature. D. Pryde.....	10c
s of Seven, etc. Jean Ingelow.....	2c
Lisa Loved the King. Geo. Eliot.....	2c
r's Saturday Night, etc. Burns.....	2c
orted Village, etc. Goldsmith.....	2c
erican Humorists. Mark Twain.....	2c
erican Humorists. A. Ward.....	3c
erican Humorists. Lowell.....	4c
et on the Hearth. Dickens.....	10c
erican Humorists.—Holmes.....	2c
of Gustave Doré. Illustrated.....	8c
erican Humorists.—Irving.....	2c
van's Pilgrim's Progress. Illus.....	10c
of Hour in Natural History.....	8c
id Smashing, etc. Williams.....	2c
of Sir Isaac Newton. Parham.....	3c
n Mabel, etc. Ellen T. Alden.....	3c
ict. Shakespeare.....	7c
ork the Great. Macaulay.....	7c
ve and Habit of Reading.....	3c
h Arden. Alfred Tennyson.....	2c
ephetist of Science. Wilson.....	2c
Words of Washington.....	4c
urning of Rome. Farrar.....	2c
an Winkle. Irving.....	2c

# SCIENT CLASSICS FOR ENGLISH READERS.

nd and Theognis. Davies.....	15c
ar. By Rev. F. D. Morice.....	15c
ctius. By W. H. Mallock.....	15c
tus and Terence. W. L. Collins.....	15c
n. By W. L. Collins.....	15c
ydides. By W. L. Collins.....	15c
. By Rev. A. Church.....	15c
. By W. L. Collins.....	15c



LANE MEDICAL LIBRARY

This book should be returned on or before  
the date last stamped below.

APR 23 1935

FEB - 3 1945

FEB - 8 1946

NOV 17 1949

DEC - 5 1949

JAN 17 1950

Photomount  
Pamphlet  
Binder  
Gaylord Bros. Inc.

Makers  
Stockton, Calif.  
PAT. JAN. 21, 1908

K  
IN  
417512  
1962  
L148  
1951

